

THE PRAIRIE NEWS.

A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Latest News, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, Home Industry, &c., &c.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S AND TRUTH'S."

BY JOHN RICHARDSON.

OKOLONA, MISS., JULY 14, 1859.

VOL. VII.—NO. 44.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOHN B. WALTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
ABERDEEN, MISS.

Will practice in the several counties of Monroe, Pontotoc, Itawamba, Chickasaw, Tishomingo, and Lowndes, the High Court of Errors and Appeals, at Jackson, and the Federal Court at Pontotoc.

Office on Jefferson street, opposite the Court House. Sep. 16, '58. 1-y

ROGERS & HENDERSON,
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—AND—
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Office door Above Judge Acker's Office

Will practice in the Circuit Courts which he attends will be held at the following places:—
At Fulton, Mar. 7th and Sep. 5th.
At Jackson, " 21st " " 19th
At Pontotoc, Apr. 11th and Oct. 10th
At Itawamba, " 25th " " 24th
At Aberdeen, May 16th and Nov. 14th
At Columbus, Apr. 25th " Oct. 24th
At Pittsburg, Mar. 14th and Sep. 12th

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT for the Northern District of Mississippi is held at Aberdeen, Monday of June and December

6-ly.

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76-y

ELLEN WHITE,
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—AND—
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Offers his services to those who may stand in need of them, and will attend promptly to any business confided to his care.

March 10, '59. 25-ly

DRS. GREEN & TINDALL,

THE undersigned have associated themselves together for the practice of Medicine from the 1st of January instant.

J. H. GREEN,
R. M. TINDALL.

Jan. 14, 1859. 66

DR. A. D. GATLIN,

HAVING permanently located at Hickory Flat, in Chickasaw County, offers his professional services, in the various branches of the profession, to the citizens of the surrounding country.

Mar. 31 '59. 29-ly

DRS. THOMPSON & WHEELER,
PARTNERS
In the Practice of Medicine,
OKOLONA, MISS.

Jan. 13, 1859. 12-y

W. C. DICKSON,
Dentist,
OKOLONA, MISSISSIPPI.

July 15, '58. 41-y

THE PRAIRIE NEWS,
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POETRY.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

N. P. Willis says of the poem annexed—"It is addressed to an idolized child, by its pet name, and, though beautiful throughout, it has some two or three passages of very rare originality." The writer of it, (as I learn from the letter of a lady who encloses it to me,) was a factory girl, who, by the labor of her own hands, secured the money for her education, and she is now twenty-four years of age, and supporting herself by various uses of her pen. She (Josie H—) is yet to be famous, I am very sure. Thus run the verses:

BABY BUNN.

Winsome baby Bunn!
Brighter than the stars that rise
In the dusky evening skies,
Brown than the robin's wing,
Clearer than a woodland spring,
Are the eyes of baby Bunn—
Winsome baby Bunn!

Smile, mother, smile!
Thinking softly all the while
Of a tender, blissful day,
When the dark eyes, so like these
Of the cherub on your knees,
Stole your girlish heart away.
Oh! the eyes of baby Bunn!
Rarest mischief they will do,
When once old enough to steal
What their father stole from you!
Smile, mother, smile!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Milk-white lilies half unrolled,
Set in Calves of gold,
Cannot match his forehead fair,
With its ring of yellow hair!
Scarlet berry cleft in twain
By a wedge of pearly grain,
Is the mouth of baby Bunn!
Winsome baby Bunn!

Weep, mother, weep!
For a little one asleep
With his head against your breast!
Never in the coming years,
Though he seek for it with tears,
Will he find so sweet a rest,
Oh, the brow of baby Bunn!
Oh, the scarlet mouth of Bunn!
One must wear its crown of thorns,
Drink its cup of gall must one!
Though the trembling lips shall shrink,
White with anguish as they drink,
And the temple sweat with pain,
Drops of blood like purple rain,
Weep, mother, weep!

Winsome, little baby Bunn!
Not the sea-shell's palest tinge,
Nor the daisy's rose-white fringe,
Nor the softest, faintest glow
Of the sunset on the snow,
Is more beautiful and sweet
Than the wee pink hands and feet
Of the little baby Bunn—
Winsome baby Bunn!

Pray, mother, pray!
Feel like these may lose the way,
Wandering blindly from the right;
Pray, and sometime will your prayers
Be to him like golden stars
Built through darkness into light.
Oh! the dimpled feet of Bunn!
In their slippers stockings dressed!
Oh! the dainty hands of Bunn!
Hid like roses in your breast!
These will grasp at jewels rare,
But to find them empty air;
These shall falter many a day,
Bruised and bleeding by the way,
Ere they reach the land of rest!
Pray, mother, pray!

JOSIE H—

MISCELLANY.

Letter from an Agonized Man.

MR. EDITOR:—My name is Muff. I am a married man. I have a wife, one son, and two daughters. I was once happy, but a fiend has usurped my quiet home of late, and my peace has fled. The name of this demon is "Society," in the fashionable acceptance of the word. Mrs. Muff was once as notable as she was comely, and managed my unostentatious household affairs with a wise economy, and yet in a liberal and genteel manner. Mrs. Muff was also a most excellent mother—lenient, and yet a good disciplinarian. My children always minded when spoken to, were punctual at table, and ate with a fork, thank heaven! "Look on that picture, and now on this," as they say in Macbeth. I quote from memory, Mr. Editor, and will you also have an eye to my punctuation? for I was put to a private school, and don't know about it. By the bye, Mrs. Muff always disdained throwing away educational advantages, just because they were public, and used to say, "Jeremiah, dear, if anything ever happens to me, promise me, Harry shall always go to a public school!" (she used to call me Jeremiah then,) and would add facetiously—for Matilda is witty—"at private schools it is all pay and little profit, while parents have the work to do with the children at home." Forgive me that I loiter over the past.

Well, Harry became nineteen and Jane seventeen, when mother, son, and daughter were bedeviled at one time, and the demon begat in them such a swarm of vanities that I can compare them only to flies in June. Harry began to talk slang,

"wants a fast crab to tote over the road," seized a night key, and never tells where he spends his evenings, comes and goes as he pleases, and not at all as I please, dressing, as he says, in a "stunning" manner, and which, I fear, involves much expense, for his mother's demands on me are "stunning" indeed. Jane was a rosebud, neat, intelligent, pretty, and sprightly; now she is none of these, and is rather a simpering ninny, mildewed by the adulation of "society." But, oh! Matilda! that I should have to add you to the list! The sensible mother has all at once become mentally near-sighted. Her children, like crowned heads, can do no wrong. Every extravagance is excused and explained by a set of phrases, such as "nerves," "excitement," "position," "claims of society," and much more fiddle-faddle of the same sort. She that had "early to bed and early to rise" always on her lips, now, night after night, sits up and allows her children to dance till 2 A. M., and cannot read in the pallid cheek and glazed eye the fearful bargain she is drawing with the devil, in the dance of death. I won't join it.

If Mrs. Muff is blind to any mental or moral defect of her children, she is equally so in regard to their personal attributes, and she bores me and everybody, I suppose, with a catalogue of their perfections. "Harry is splendid, and considered the best dancer in society."—Jane, she does not hesitate to say, though she is her mother, is, to her mind, the most beautiful and graceful girl that has come out. This is sheer nonsense, even I can see. Jane is very well, but has a turn up nose, and not a small foot. She is, I suppose, something of a favorite, because she is very easily amused, and will giggle at anything.

I can't tell, nor would you read, all the nonsense, discord, and derangement "society" has brought into my house. Vague hints were put out this morning, like lobster claws, that Jane, before long, must have what Harry calls a "bang-up." What shall I do? I know what it is, for I went to one this winter, at the house of an old friend, who would not let me off. I went just as I was ready to go to bed, and came home not far from the time I should get up. The house was metamorphosed so, the owner would not recognize it under a week at least. The young fry drank up the best wine and usurped the supper room pretty much; they danced till three, and the elders nodded and would gladly rebel against "society" if they dared. I saw by my friend's manner that he was bored, and he told me, sub rosa, that it was all his wife's doings; and I thought to myself there are more "Muffs" than one in the world.

When is this slavery to a world to end? It has made me a widower with a wife, childless with a child, and houseless with a house. I am forgetful, not ungrateful. My second daughter, Mary, is what Matilda once was—a "brick," (Harry's word's again) an angel, I mean. She is still fond of her "governor," (father, I would say), but I tremble for the day when the demon of fashionable life may lay hold of her.

Yours, with respect,
JEREMIAH MUFF.

Beecher on Coffee.

Whatever else Henry Ward Beecher may have to answer for, and doubtless he is loaded with as many sins as any one ought to carry, he certainly deserves credit for writing so sensibly about Coffee, as he does in the following, which we find going the rounds of the papers:—
Breakfast is ready. A most useful and salutary custom is that breakfast. One may work with the hand without breakfast but not with the head—the machine must be wound up. The blue must be taken out of your spirits, and the gray out of your eyes. A cup of coffee—real coffee—home browned—home ground, home made, that comes to you as dark as a hazel eye, but changes to a golden bronze as you temper it with cream, from its birth, thick, tenderly, yellow, perfectly sweet, neither lumpy nor frothing on the Java; such a cup of coffee is a match for twenty devils, and will exercise them all. Involuntarily one draws in his breath by the nostrils. The fragrant savor fills his senses with pleasure; for no coffee can be good in the mouth, that does not first send a sweet offering of odor to the nostrils.

An Editor Loose and how he Acted.

Turner, of Vincennes, Indiana, was over at Olney, Illinois, at the Clay Court, which is ten miles from the railroad, and fell out with the back—took his gun—beat the back an hour and a half on foot—killed sixty prairie chickens, two dogs—besides kissing three farmers' wives—one of whom told him she had rather be kissed by a stranger, as he would not stay round and "blab."

Go it while you are young.

Doing it up Brown.

A runaway couple, "true lovers" of the most fervent Yankee stamp, arrived at a small inn near Boston, and wanted the landlord to send for a minister to "splice 'em," and to "be quick about it." The landlord complied, and the "licensed minister" came.

"Be you the minister?" asked the bridegroom.

"I am," replied he.

"Oh! you be, eh? what's your name?"

"Stiggins."

"Wal, now, Stiggins," said the Yankee, "do it up brown, and your money is ready," and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced:

"You will please join hands."

The Yankee stood up by his lady love, and seized her fervently by the hand.

You promise, Mr. A—," said the parson "to take this woman—"

"Yaas," said the bridegroom.

"To be your lawful and wedded wife?"

"Yaas—yaas!"

"That you will love and honor her in all things?"

"Sartin—yaas, I tell yer!"

"That you will cling to her, and her only as long as you both shall live?"

But here the reverend gentleman halted, much to the surprise of all present, and to the special annoyance and discomfiture of the ardent bridegroom.

"One moment, my friend," responded the minister slowly; for it occurred to him that the laws of his state did not permit this performance without the "publishment" of the "banns" for a certain length of time.

"What—what—what in thunder's the matter?—Don't stop here! Put her thru! What's split, parson? Anything 'gin out?"

"Just at this moment, my friend, I have remembered that you cannot be married in Massachusetts as the law—"

"Can't! Wot in natur's the reason? I like her she likes me; what's to hinder?"

"You have not been published, sir, I suspect."

"That's a fact, ain't agoin' to be nuther, that's the reason why we crossed over into your little Rhody, (the scene was on the borders of Rhode Island) on the sly you see parson."

"I—really—sir—" said the minister.

"R-a-a-e-l-l-y—wall never mind; go ahead. 'Tain't fair—don't you see 'tain't? You've married me, and hain't tetched her! Now don't stop here!—'Tain't the fair thing; by gracious 'tain't now, and you know it."

"I will consult—," said the minister hesitatingly.

"No you won't, no you don't! You don't consult nothin' nor nobody, until this ere business is concluded!"

And with this he turned the key, and put it (amidst the tittering of the witnesses whom the landlord had called in) in his pocket.

Seizing the hand of the trembling bride he said:

"Go on now, strait from where you left off; put us through and no dodging, it'll be right, if it ain't we'll make it right in the morning, as the saying is."

After reflecting a moment the parson concluded to run the risk of the informality; so he continued:

"You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"Yaas," said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

"Then you will love, honor and obey him?"

"Them's 'em," said Johnathan, as the lady bowed again.

"And that you will cling to him as long as you both shall live."

"That's the talk!—stick to one another allers,"—and the lady said 'yes' again.

"Then in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you both man and wife."

"Hoorah!" shouted Johnathan, leaping half way to the ceiling with joy.

"And what god has joined together let no man put asunder."

"Hoorah!" continued Jonathan "what's the price? (The parson seemed to hesitate.) How much! Spit it out! Don't be afeared. You did it like a book. Here's a V. Never mind the change. Send for a hack landlord. Give us your bill. I've got her! Hail Columby!"

The poor fellow seemed entirely unable to control his joy; and ten minutes afterwards he was on his way to the railroad depot with his wife, "the happiest man out of jail," said the eye-witnesses who described the scene.

Spread Eagle-ism.

The Baltimore Patriot touches up the American propensity in the following style:

Sombody ought to interfere in behalf of this unfortunate bird. For now more than a half century he has been incessantly persecuted by village orators, lecturers, performers at junior exhibitions, and by politicians in (and out of) Congress. Travellers who have visited Switzerland will recollect that at Geneva (of which canton the eagle is the heraldic emblem) one is maintained at the public expense in a cage, but which visitors are not allowed to worry. We, who have also chosen him to represent our "boast of heraldry and pomp of power" treat him, or allow him to be treated, in a different manner. He is compelled to do all manner of things which no bird—even an eagle—never did before. He is set up "on the top of the snowy Sierra," and "on the inaccessible peaks of the Rocky Mountains," and thence made to describe the distant shores lashed by the Atlantic surges or laved by the placid swell of the Pacific." With "his head in the North and his tail in the South," he is made to "flap his broad wings over a free and enlightened nation." It is unusual, however, for his tormentors to begin their worries so early in the season as has been done this year. Ordinarily it is the custom (although there is no game law on the subject) to delay these shots until the Fourth of July, when the big gun of the village is brought out and let off at him in an oration.

A Judge in a Dilemma.

An awkward affair, which once occurred to one of the Judges on the Western Circuit has been the subject of much mirth. It appears that the pious judicial, having finished his labors, and having cast off his forensic wig at his lodgings, had retired into the next room to wait for his brother Judge, whom he was about to accompany to some of the local aristocracy to dinner. The female servant of the house had entered the bedroom by a side-door, and not knowing the Judge was in the next room, in a frolic arrayed herself in the judge's wig. Just at the moment when the fair Mopsy was admiring herself in the looking-glass, the judge unexpectedly entered the room, and poor Mopsy, catching a sight of the stern countenance looking over her shoulder in the glass was so alarmed that she would have fallen to the ground if the learned judge, impelled by humanity, had not caught her in his arms. At this critical moment his brother judge arrived, and opening the dressing-room door, with a view to seeing if he was ready, discovered his learned brother with the fainting maid in his arms. Not wishing to interrupt what he thought to be an amour, he quickly attempted to withdraw, when his brother Judge vociferated, "For heaven's sake stop and hear this matter explained." "Never mind, my dear brother, the matter explains itself," and he left his learned brother to recover the fainting maid as he could.

A Knowing "Court."

An anecdote is related of a court in a village during the past year, which we regard as one of the richest in its line of any that has been recorded, and give it to our readers as nearly as we can recollect it. The case on trial was for the sale of liquor. The principal witness was singularly obtuse; and though confessing to having made purchases, could not for the life of him tell what the article was. The most ingenious questioning would not bring it out. At last the attorney asked him:

"How did it taste?"

"I d'no!"

Here the "court" interposed, alleging it to be an improper question, and inquired of the attorney why he put such an interrogatory.

"Well, your honor," replied the attorney, "I was unable to make the witness tell what kind of liquor he bought, but thought if he would tell how it tasted, the court would be able to determine for itself."

Q—An American poet, discoursing of the eyes of rival lady-loves, exclaims—
"The bright black eye, the melting blue, I cannot choose betwixt the two!"

The choice has puzzled many a man before and since. Black eyes are the more brilliant; blue eyes the more winning. Black eyes flash; blue eyes languish. Black are most abundant in France, Italy and Spain; blue eyes in England and Germany. Except some of the early Norman kings, and except also Charles II. (a great sinner and voluptuary), all the sovereigns of England had blue eyes. But the fact is not much to the credit of the azure, everything considered. The Saxon race, it is worth noting, are a blue-eyed race; so that a blue eye is no sign of weakness.

The First Man.

The editor of an exchange recently attended a spirit (not liquid, but ethereal) circle. He describes the closing scene:—
After a recess of ten or fifteen minutes, the medium again went into the trance state, and wrote out:

"The first man is present. He addresses you from the celestial sphere."

"Is that you, Adam?"

"Adam was my name when I dwelt in the flesh."

"Will you please favor me with correct answers to a few simple questions which I will put to you?"

"Propound them."

"First, then, where was the garden of Eden located?"

"In Kansas."

"Was Eve an obedient helpmate?"

"She was a model wife until beguiled by the serpent; after that time a perfect devil in petticoat—I mean fig leaves."

"In what part of the world was the Tower of Babel erected?"

"In White county, Indiana, near the Wolf's Mound."

"Who were the parents of Cain's wife?"

This question capped the climax.

The table at which we were seated suddenly turned a summersault—capsized and extinguished the lamp—upset the medium maiden lady; and amid the wreck of the furniture and the crash of the glass, I made my exit through the back door, and rushing down a dark alley, gained the street, minus my right coat tail which I left in the mouth of a huge and ferocious bull-dog in the yard.

A Fixed Fact.

The less you leave your children in your will, the more they will have in twenty years afterwards. Wealth inherited should be an incentive to action; instead of that it is an incentive to sloth. The only money that does a man good is what he earns himself. A ready-made fortune, like ready-made breeches, seldom fits the gentleman who comes in possession. A gentleman died in this city a month since, who left his son money, other personal property, and a collection of rare paintings. The week after he came into possession the pictures were traded off at a fourth their value to a gentleman who deals in clarets and hock. The father was a connoisseur in fine arts, while the son was a connoisseur only in brandy and three minute horses. In all probability, a year hence will find the latter personage reduced to two shirts and a neck tie, with his soul lost in spending what his father lost his soul in saving. As we said before, the only money that does us good is the money that we earn. Ambition and a hope that is stimulated by a half-filled pocket book, have a power that will triumph over all difficulties, beginning with the contumely of the purse proud, and leaving off with the malice of the envious. Look around you, and figure up if these things are not so.

The Zouaves Sans Culottes.

NEW YORK, June 23.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Times, says: The Zouaves, especially since the affair of Palestro, have become the lions of the day in Italy. Their feats in the field, and even their words, are the constant subject of conversation. During a fight at Palestro, a certain detached body of Zouaves, which had to pass through several deep and muddy canals in their impetuous charge on the enemy's artillery, found their feetness more impeded by the weight of their immense trousers, soaked with water and mud, than by the balls of the enemy's guns.

To disembarrass themselves of this was but the work of a moment, and thus the Zouaves appeared on the field with a flag half-mast, which might have been taken by the Austrians as a demand for quarter, but their actions in no manner corresponded with the color of their flag, and the grape and canister continued to mow down their ranks until they reached and bayoneted the artillerymen on their guns. It was not till then that their sergeant bethought himself of the fact that his men were in an undress uniform, not recognised by the code, and that he suggested to them the propriety of entering into order again.

Well Said.

The Brandon Republican is responsible for the following:

We had the honor, a few days ago, of looking into the recently published life of Governor Brown. Our curiosity led us to examine his Hazelhurst speech, and we found that he still insists that "the Angel of the Lord captured Hagar and took her home to her mistress." Well, it is a great pity that the Governor and the Bible take issue on the facts of that transaction, because there are many who will believe what he says in preference to the Bible—the latter having nothing to say about "the constitutional rights of the South."